



The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Death Threats: Baltimore,
Bullet through Hat Incident,
Second Inaugural

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources


From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

THE THREATENED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. *Washington, 7th.* The report that a man named Thomas Clemens had matured his plans for the assassination of President Lincoln on Inauguration Day, had an origin in the following facts: Clemens and another man came from Alexandria on Saturday. They were both extremely disorderly, and seemed to have been drinking freely. Clemens in particular was very abusive. He said, using gross and profane language, that he came here to kill the President, that he was late by half an hour, and that his Saviour would never forgive him for failing to do so; that he would do it that night, namely, the 5th of March, and that he came expressly to do it, and would do it before he left town. He furthermore said the government had robbed him of a certain sum of money. This is the substance of an affidavit. Clemens has been turned over from the military to the civil authorities, and committed to jail for trial.

3/8/65

—Roger A. Pryor, in 1860, declared in a public speech that "the first anti-slavery President who was elected would be assassinated, and if there was no other person to do the deed, he would be the Brutus to plant the dagger in his breast."

—Hon. Samuel Hooper was the only representative of New England who persevered to the end of the route in attendance upon the funeral train of the late President.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Friends of the Lincoln Financial Collection in Indiana

<http://archive.org/details/assass00linc>

THE BALTIMORE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 123

which, though they yield a ready obedience to the will, become so facile of motion that they often act without awaiting a command. In fact, their action in the direction to which they are most accustomed becomes at last so continuous as to give a permanent form to the features. Hence it is essential to the beauty of the visage to avoid grimaces, or what children call "making faces." These if indulged in without check in childhood will leave a fixed impression of distortion upon the countenance. Our purpose has been merely to treat of those elements of beauty which lie no deeper than the skin. The others, of a profounder kind, which, moreover, are not without their influence even upon surface charms, must be learned from those who profess to teach the higher graces of the heart and intellect. The beauty which we cultivate is that likened by Lord Bacon to summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and can not last. They, on the contrary, raise flowers of an immortal bloom.

THE BALTIMORE PLOT
TO ASSASSINATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE veil of mystery has never yet been lifted from the evidence disclosing the plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, on his contemplated passage through Baltimore, on the 23d of February, 1861. Considerations affecting the personal safety of those by whom the conspiracy was detected prevented a disclosure at the time. The subsequent assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and the disclosures connected with the trial and conviction of Booth's associates, removed any doubt in regard to the real existence of the plot.

The truth may now be disclosed, and the public desire to know the exact facts upon which Mr. Lincoln acted may now be gratified. The circumstances detailed in this article are taken from the records of Allan Pinkerton, the Chief Detective, and are selected from the reports written out daily at the time, by those engaged in the investigation, and they are believed by the writer of this article to be true.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency was immediately seized upon by the reckless conspirators, who had long been plotting the overthrow of the Union, as a pretext upon which to consummate their designs. They at once employed all the machinery of popular agitation to create a public opinion, and "fire the Southern heart," so that it would sanction the deeds of violence and outrage which they contemplated. Through the press, by popular meetings, public speeches, and in social intercourse, and in every possible way they painted the alleged wrongs of the South, the outrages past and anticipated of the North, to inflame and excite the inflammable Southern temperament, until the slaveholding States became a great seething volcano. Especial efforts were made to render Mr. Lincoln personally odious and contemptible. No falsehood was too gross,

no lie too infamous, no statement too exaggerated to be used for this purpose. These means were resorted to with systematic concert, until the mass of the people in the slave States were made to believe that this pure, patient, humane, Christian statesman was a monster, whose vices and passions made him odious, and whose habits made him an object of just abhorrence.

Maryland, a border State, occupied a position of peculiar importance, and great efforts were made to bring her within the control of secession. Emissaries were sent to her from South Carolina and elsewhere, and nothing left undone to secure her co-operation in their revolutionary movements. These efforts were too successful; still there were many bold spirits who gathered around that intrepid leader, Henry Winter Davis, resolved to stand by the Union at all hazards. But a majority of the wealthier classes, and those in office, with few exceptions, were in sympathy with the rebellion, and the spirit of treason for a time swept like a tornado over the State.

On the 11th of February Mr. Lincoln, with a few of his personal friends, left his quiet, modest home to enter upon that tempestuous political career which carried him to a martyr's grave. With a dim, mysterious foreshadowing of the future, he uttered to his friends and neighbors his sad farewell. He seemed to be conscious that he might see the place, which had been his home for a quarter of a century, where "his children were born," and where one of them lies hurried, no more. Conscious of the great duties which devolved upon him, greater than those devolving upon any President since Washington, he humbly expressed his reliance upon "Divine Providence, and asked his friends to pray that he might receive the assistance of Almighty God."

As he journeyed toward the Capital, received every where with the earnest sympathies of the people, his spirits rose, and when he pronounced "good-by" to the Prairie State, at the State line, he said, "Behind the cloud the sun is shining still." And on he sped, through the great free States of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, to fulfill his great mission.

There was living at this time in Chicago a man by the name of Allan Pinkerton, one of the boldest, most shrewd, and skillful detectives of any country. He had always been a thorough anti-slavery man, a superintendent of the "underground railroad," a friend and companion of Lovejoy and the "old guard" of early abolitionists in Illinois. With his anti-slavery character well known, such was his reputation as a detective that Mr. Guthrie, when Secretary of the Treasury, had, notwithstanding, employed him as a Government detective. In 1860-61 he was in the employ of the railroad companies of the Northwest.

In the winter of 1861 General Scott, seeing the gathering storm, called to Washington a few national troops. The passage of these over the

Northern Central and Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroads greatly exasperated the conspirators in Baltimore and elsewhere, and threats were openly made, and organizations effected, to destroy the railroad tracks, burn their bridges, and the great steam ferry-boat by which the Susquehanna was crossed at Havre de Grace.

In February Pinkerton was employed by the officers of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore road to investigate and ascertain the facts in regard to these matters, with a view of protecting their road. For this purpose he removed to Baltimore, taking with him such of his detective force as he thought best suited to his purpose.

While thus engaged an officer of the road learned that a young gentleman of high social position in Baltimore, the son of a very prominent citizen who had held high official position under the State and National Governments, had declared that he was one of a band who had sworn to take the life of Lincoln on his way to Washington. The officer communicated this fact to Pinkerton, and he immediately asked and obtained permission to investigate this conspiracy. It was now to be plot and counter-plot.

A warm admirer of the President elect, whom he had known in Illinois, Pinkerton determined that, if coolness, courage, and skill could save the life of Mr. Lincoln and prevent the revolution which would follow his violent death, he would accomplish it. His plan was with his detectives to enter Baltimore as residents of Charleston and New Orleans, and by assuming to be secessionists of the most extreme violence, to secure entrance into their secret societies and military organizations, and thus possess themselves of their secret plans. In looking over his corps he found two men admirably adapted to the object he had in view, both young, and both able to assume and successfully carry out the character of a hot-blooded, fiery secessionist. One of these, whom I shall call Howard, was of French descent. He had been carefully educated for a Jesuit priest, and added to his collegiate studies were the advantages of extensive foreign travel and the ability to speak, with great facility, several modern languages; and a knowledge of the South, its localities, prejudices, customs, and leading men, derived from several years' residence in New Orleans and other Southern cities. With these qualifications he possessed a fine personal appearance, insinuating manners, and that power of adaptation to the persons whom they wish to influence, popularly attributed to the Jesuits. Howard was instructed to assume the character of an extreme secessionist, go to a first-class hotel, register his name, and his residence as New Orleans, visit places of amusement, seek the acquaintance and secure the confidence of the young aristocracy of that city; enter their clubs, penetrate their secrets, and learn the wild projects it was

known they were then forming. He was also instructed to make daily reports to his chief, then under an assumed name, occupying an office and nominally carrying on a regular business in Baltimore. Those reports, now lying before me, are curious and interesting. They show that Howard was eminently successful, that he soon became a welcome guest among many of the first families in that old and refined city; that he was a favorite with both sexes, among the ardent and mercurial young aristocracy, which furnished to the rebellion Harry Gilmor, the "French Lady," Stuart, and many other partisans, and in whose circles "Dixie" and "My Maryland" are still mournfully sung over "the lost cause." Many Baltimore belles are living who might innocently blush at the disclosures of the daily reports of one whom, in February, 1861, they called "the fascinating Howard of New Orleans."

Another of Pinkerton's agents was of graver character, one whose devotion to his country in the most perilous and thankless character of a spy, led to his ignominious death at Richmond. I may, therefore, call him by his real name, Timothy Webster. He was adapted to operate on the middle and lower classes of society; of great physical strength and endurance, skilled in all athletic sports, a good shot, and with a strong will and a courage bordering on rashness; yet always justifying his boldness by an ingenuity and fertility of invention which saved him from a thousand perils, and at last falling a victim only because sickness rendered him incapable of executing his otherwise successful plan of escape; a man whose exploits as the Union spy would in daring and romance equal, if not surpass, those of the *Harvey Birch* of Cooper.*

* Webster went into the secret service of the Government under the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and, as an illustration of the condition of public feeling after the attack on Fort Sumter, I insert the following incident:

In April he was traveling by railroad from Winchester west, and observed in the car six commissioners or emissaries from South Carolina and Georgia, each of them wearing conspicuously a black and white cockade. They received marked attention from the passengers, and from the people at the stations. Soon the attention of Webster was attracted to a man rather beyond middle age, a planter or farmer, with a most resolute and determined expression of face. He became excited by the cockade gentlemen, known to be rebel agents. He seemed restless and uneasy, and as they passed him would scowl upon them with undisguised hostility. Finally Webster, who sat watching, saw him draw a revolver from his pocket and place it on the seat beside him, and, as the six rebel emissaries approached him, he rose in his seat, took off his hat, and looking sternly at them, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am from Tennessee, and I say hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all those who would destroy the Union!" and then resumed his seat. The car, filled with men, was silent, every one expecting a fight. Several gentlemen approached the man, but after looking in his face passed on in silence. Soon after three other rebel agents wearing cockades came in. Rising again, and stepping on the seat, he raised his hat and again exclaimed, still more pointedly, "Hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all men who wear cockades!" Several persons sitting near

There were other agents, and among them a Mrs. Warn, a lady whom the chivalry of the Monumental City would then have pronounced as "fascinating" as some of their fair friends did Howard.

By the 15th of February Pinkerton's machinery was fairly in running order; his agents in full communion with the clubs and secret societies of Baltimore, so that an interview was planned and brought about between Howard's chief and a Captain Fernandina, one of the most active of the conspirators. Fernandina was an Italian, or of Italian descent. He had lived in the South for many years, and was thoroughly possessed of the idea of Southern wrongs, and that the South had been outraged by the election of Lincoln; and, educated with Italian ideas, he justified the use of the stiletto and assassination as a means of preventing the President elect from taking his seat in the Executive chair. He was an enthusiast and a fanatic. In the interview with Fernandina, which took place at — saloon, in the presence of some of the military company which he commanded—his lieutenant and others in their confidence—in the course of the conversation Fernandina, believing he was addressing a thorough secessionist, said: "Lincoln shall never, never be President. My life," said he, "is of no consequence. I am willing to give it for his. I will sell my life for that of that abolitionist. As Orsini gave his life for Italy, I am ready to die for the rights of the South."

Some one present remarked, "Are there no means of saving the South except by assassination?" "No," said he; "you might as well try to blow down the Washington monument with your breath as to change our purpose—*die he must and shall*; and," he added, turning to Captain T—, a co-conspirator, "we will, if necessary, all die together. Every captain will in that day prove himself a hero. The first shot fired, the head traitor Lincoln dead, and all Maryland will be with us and the South freed. Mr. H—," said he, turning to Pinkerton, "if I alone must do it I shall not hesitate! Lincoln shall die in this city!"

The next day Pinkerton met the same Captain T—, one of Fernandina's associates, who called Pinkerton aside and whispered: "It is determined that that G—d d—d Lincoln shall never pass through here alive! The d—d abolitionist shall never set foot on Southern soil but to find a grave." He added: "I have seen Colonel Kane, Chief of Police, and he is all

him rose and left the car, not caring to be present at the expected fight. Directly four rather rough-looking men came and took the vacant seats near him. They were his neighbors from East Tennessee. A crowd of men, with those wearing cockades, gathered at each end of the car. He rose the third time, and stepping into the passage, looking first at one end and then the other, he took off his hat and said, "I say hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all traitors who wear cockades!" Such was the determination expressed in his eye and bearing that none assailed him. The cockade men all left and were no more seen in the car or on the train.

right, and in one week from to-day the North shall want a new President, for Lincoln will be dead."

Among the associates of Howard he meets with a fast young gentleman by the name of Hill, who proudly exhibits a gold Palmetto badge, and represents himself as a lieutenant in the Palmetto Guards, a secret military organization in Baltimore. Howard, the ardent secessionist from New Orleans, chiding the slower and more cautious action of the friends in Maryland, and Hill, of the Palmetto Guards, become bosom friends. They drink, go to concerts, theatres, and other places of amusement together. Hill, who has social position in Baltimore, introduces his accomplished friend from Louisiana, and finally opens to him, in part, the secrets of the plot to assassinate Lincoln. He himself goes into it with reluctance. "What a pity," says he to Howard, "that this glorious Union must be destroyed all on account of that monster Lincoln!"

The plan was to excite and exasperate the popular feeling against Mr. Lincoln to the utmost. On the published programme he was to enter Baltimore from Harrisburg on the 23d of February by the Northern Central Railroad, and would reach Baltimore about the middle of the day. A vast crowd would meet him at the Calvert Street dépôt, at which it was expected he would take an open carriage, and ride, nearly a mile and a half, to the Washington dépôt. It would be very easy for a determined man to shoot him on his passage. Agents of the conspirators had been in the principal Northern cities, watching the movements of the Presidential party, ready to telegraph to Baltimore any change of route. A cipher was agreed upon, so that the conspirators could communicate with each other without the facts leaking out through the telegraph offices. Meanwhile the idea of assassination preyed upon the mind of Hill; he grew sad and melancholy, and plunged still deeper into dissipation. Howard is his constant companion and confidential friend, his "*shadow*," in the language of the profession; at times he is thoughtful, and then he breaks out into rhapsodies. He talks to Howard of dreams and death. "I am destined to die," said Hill, "shrouded with glory. If a man had the nerve he could immortalize himself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart. Let us," said he, "have another Brutus. I swear," said he, "I will kill Lincoln before he reaches the Washington dépôt, not that I love Lincolnless, but my country more. I am ready to do the deed, and then I will proudly announce my name, and say: 'Gentlemen, arrest me, I am the man;' and then I will be called one 'that gave his country liberty.' When our country draws lots, if the *red ballot* falls to me, I will do it willingly. Perhaps," said he, "Lincoln may conclude to come by way of Havre de Grace; if so, the ferry-boat across the Susquehanna will be the best place to do the deed. I will go out there and kill him if it is so ordered." Not

withstanding his contemplated crime he had some good traits; he was warmly attached to his mother, spoke tenderly of her, and talked to Howard of pecuniary provision being made for her, if he should sacrifice his life in the enterprise.

Webster had gone to Perryman'sville, and, securing the confidence of the secessionists there, had joined a military company which was drilling with a view of destroying the railroads, burning the bridges, and the ferry-boat on the Susquehanna.

The time for Mr. Lincoln's passage through Baltimore was rapidly approaching, but the exact plan of operation by the conspirators had not been agreed upon. The popular feeling against him had, through the press, and by harangues, and all the means by which the public mind is operated upon, been inflamed and exasperated to the highest pitch. Thousands of the more ignorant had been wrought upon by the intelligent until they were, ready for any act of violence and atrocity. The leaders finally fully determined that the assassination should take place at the Calvert Street dépôt. A vast crowd of secessionists was to assemble at that place and await the arrival of the train with Mr. Lincoln. They were to go early and fill the narrow streets and passages immediately surrounding it. It was known among the leaders that George P. Kane, the Marshal of Police, subsequently arrested by General Banks, and afterward an officer in the rebel army, would detail but a small police force to attend the arrival and nominally clear and protect a passage for Mr. Lincoln and his suite, and that that small force would be sympathizers with the secessionists. When the train should enter the dépôt, and Mr. Lincoln should attempt to pass through the narrow passage leading to the street, some roughs were to raise a row on the outside, and all the police were to rush away to quell the disturbance. At this moment, the police being withdrawn, Mr. Lincoln would find himself in a dense, excited, and hostile crowd, hustled and jammed, and then the fatal blow was to be struck. A swift steamer was to be stationed in Chesapeake Bay, with a boat concealed, ready to take the assassin on board as soon as the deed was done, and convey him to a Southern port, where he would have been received with acclamations and honored as a hero. But who should do the bloody deed? It was feared by some that Hill lacked the nerve and coolness. To determine this question, a meeting of the conspirators was held on the night of the 18th of February. Some twenty persons were collected, each of whom had taken an oath of secrecy, and also sworn, if designated, that he would take the life of the President elect. It was arranged that ballots should be prepared and placed in a hat, and that the person who drew a red ballot should be the assassin. The drawing was made in a darkened room, so that none could know who drew the fatal ballot except he who had it, and no one was to disclose

to the others the color of the ballot he drew. And now the leaders, to make success more certain, placed eight red ballots in the hat, and eight red ballots were drawn, each man drawing one believing that upon his courage, strength, and skill alone depended what he regarded as the cause of the South, each supposing that he alone was charged with the execution of the deed.

The weapons and the mode of death were to be left to the person who drew the red ballot.

A knowledge of all these facts having been obtained by Pinkerton, he on the night of February 20 hastened to meet the Presidential party at Philadelphia.

While these plots had been going on, Mr. Lincoln and his friends, unconscious of danger, were pursuing their journey toward the Capital. Vast crowds had every where assembled to welcome and congratulate him, and pledge to him their support in the maintenance of the integrity of the Republic, its Constitution and laws. At Philadelphia Mr. Pinkerton met the Presidential party, and laid before Mr. Judd, of Chicago, a confidential personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, in detail the facts in regard to the conspiracy. Assassination was then a crime scarcely known in the United States, and assassination for political reasons was almost incredible. It is a sad commentary on the wickedness of the rebellion that a plot to assassinate a prominent public man would to-day be credited upon far less evidence than before the war. Conscious of the existence of the plot; knowing the trustworthiness of those from whom he derived his information; knowing that the train was laid, that the mine would be sprung as surely as Mr. Lincoln should reach the city of Baltimore; that the assassins of the red ballot were even now on his track and waiting the fatal moment; that the police of Baltimore, under control of Marshal Kane, would act in concert with the conspirators; that a vast mob, wild, savage, and blood-thirsty, was organized and ready to act their part, the character of which was not long after fully disclosed by the attack upon and murder of the Massachusetts soldiers on their march to Washington;* yet, knowing all this, Pinkerton feared he should have difficulty in inducing Mr. Lincoln to adopt measures to secure his safety. The President elect was an unsuspecting man.

* If there are any who have hitherto entertained doubts of Mr. Lincoln's peril, the facts set forth in this article will doubtless remove them. The circumstances set forth in Mr. Pinkerton's records should be read with a recollection of the disclosures on the trial of Booth's associates. And it should be also remembered that a few days after Mr. Lincoln's passage through Baltimore, this same mob, under the instigation of the same leaders, attacked and killed not less than four, and wounded many others, of the Massachusetts Sixth on their passage through Baltimore. What had these soldiers done to excite that mob, as compared with their exasperated feelings toward Mr. Lincoln? Would a mob that attacked a regiment of armed men have been deterred from attacking one man, whom they regarded as a tyrant and the chief object of their hatred?

After laying the matter in all its details before Judd, and satisfying him of the existence of the plot, and of the extreme peril Mr. Lincoln would incur by attempting to pass through Baltimore according to the programme, Pinkerton and Judd had an interview with the President elect, and laid the matter before him. On the night of the 21st February, after the interview, Mr. Pinkerton made this entry in his journal:

"While Mr. Judd detailed the circumstances of the conspiracy, Mr. Lincoln listened very attentively, but did not say a word, nor did his countenance, which I closely watched, show any emotion. He was thoughtful, serious, but decidedly firm."

Pinkerton then, himself, went over the ground, detailing to Mr. Lincoln all the facts connected with Fernandina, Hill, and others, the condition of popular feeling, and the plans of the assassins; also the fact that Kane, Chief of Police, had declared that he would give him no "*police escort*." He told him there were perhaps ten or fifteen desperadoes—wild, enthusiastic young men—who had been wrought up to a pitch of fanaticism, in which they really believed they would be patriots and martyrs in taking his life, even at the cost of their own; that they had bound themselves by oaths to assassinate him; that a vast, excited crowd would meet him at the dépôt of the Northern Central Railroad, a fight would be got up in the crowd, and this would be the signal for the attack on his person, and in the mêlée a dozen desperate men, armed with revolvers and dirks, each sworn to take his life, would be upon his path, and that he, Mr. Pinkerton, felt a moral conviction that he could not pass from the Calvert Street dépôt to the Washington dépôt, a mile and a half, in an open carriage, alive. Both Judd and Pinkerton pressed these and other corroborating facts upon him with all the power which they possessed. He remained silent a few moments, and it was suggested that he should change the programme, and take the night train for Washington that very night. Mr. Judd said to him: "These proofs can not be now made public, as the publication of the facts would involve the lives of several of Mr. Pinkerton's force, and, among others, the life of Webster, serving in a rebel company under drill, at Perryman's, in Maryland." Some other conversation was held between him and Mr. Judd, in regard to the construction which would be placed upon his conduct if he changed the programme and went directly to Washington. Mr. Judd then asked, "Will you, upon any statement which can be made, consent to leave for Washington on to-night's train?" Mr. Lincoln promptly replied, "No, I can not consent to do this. I shall hoist the flag on Independence Hall to-morrow morning (Washington's birthday), and go to Harrisburg to-morrow, and meet the Legislature of Pennsylvania; then I shall have fulfilled all my engagements. After this, if you (Judd), and you, Allan (Pinkerton), think there is pos-

itive danger in my attempting to go through Baltimore openly, according to the published programme—if you can arrange any way to carry out your purposes, I will place myself in your hands." "Mr. Lincoln," says Pinkerton, "said this with a tone and manner so decisive, we saw that no more was to be said."

It was finally arranged between Judd, Pinkerton, and the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad that a special train should leave Harrisburg at 6 p.m. the next evening, and bring Mr. Lincoln to Philadelphia in time to take the 11 o'clock train going through Baltimore to Washington, on the night of the 22d. This train was to be detained until Mr. Lincoln arrived; every contingency, in regard to the connection of the trains and possible delays, was most skillfully planned, so as to secure connections and the certainty of going through on time.

Meanwhile, to prevent this change being telegraphed to Baltimore by a confederate, or information of this change of route being known, and leaking out in any way, the Superintendent of the Telegraph Company, at the instance of Mr. Pinkerton, sent a practical telegraph climber to isolate Harrisburg from telegraphic communication with all the world until Mr. Lincoln should reach Washington.

On the morning of the 22d February Mr. Lincoln visited old "Independence Hall," and with his own hand raised over it the flag. His speech on this occasion was the most impressive and characteristic of any which he made on his journey to the Capital. He gave most eloquent expression to the emotions and associations suggested by the day and place. He declared that all his political sentiments were drawn from those which had been expressed in that Hall. He alluded most feelingly to the dangers, and toils, and sufferings of those who had adopted and made good the Declaration of Independence: that declaration which gave promise that "in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men." Conscious of the dangers which threaten his country, and that those dangers originated in opposition to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and knowing that his own life was even now threatened for his devotion to liberty, and that his way to the National Capital was beset by assassins, yet he did not hesitate to declare "that he would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender those principles."

During the same night on which Pinkerton's disclosures were made to Mr. Lincoln, F. W. Seward, Esq., arrived at Philadelphia, having been sent by his father to warn him of the danger which was awaiting him at Baltimore. Facts had come to the knowledge of Secretary Seward and General Scott, corroborating the evidence which had been accumulated by Mr. Pinkerton of the existence of the conspiracy. This circumstance rendered Mr. Lincoln less reluctant than he had been to consent to the arrangements for his passage through Baltimore on the night of the 22d.

Mr. Lincoln on the same day, the 22d of February, went to Harrisburg, was cordially received by Governor Curtin and the Legislature, and a vast crowd of citizens. At six o'clock an engine and one passenger-car were standing on the track leading to Philadelphia. Soon after, excusing himself on the ground of fatigue, he left the dinner-table, went to his room, changed his dress for a traveling-suit, and, with a broad-brimmed felt-hat (which had been presented to him in New York), he went quietly to a side-door, got into a carriage in waiting, and was driven, with one companion, Ward H. Lamon, rapidly to the car which awaited him, and was soon speeding on toward Philadelphia. The secret of his departure was known to but very few, and by them disclosed to no one. On his arrival at Philadelphia Mr. Lincoln was met by Mr. Pinkerton, taken into a carriage and driven to the dépôt of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, Mr. Pinkerton timing their arrival so as to reach the train just at the moment of departure.

The officers of the road, to prevent the possibility of the departure of the train before Mr. Lincoln was aboard, had instructed the conductor not to leave until he received a package of important Government dispatches, "which must go through to Washington that night." Mr. Pinkerton had caused the three sections of the sleeping-car, which was on the end of the train, to be taken, and his agent stood at the door, which was locked, awaiting the arrival of the party. When the party appeared the door was opened, Mr. Lincoln stepped in, went to his berth; an officer of the road handed the package of Government dispatches—consisting of some numbers of the New York *Herald*, carefully sealed up and addressed to the Secretary

of State—and instantly the whistle sounded and the train was whirling on toward Washington, bearing in security not "Cæsar and his fortunes," but Lincoln and the destinies of the republic.

So skillfully had the matter been arranged that no one in Philadelphia had seen Mr. Lincoln, no one saw him enter the car, no one on the train except the party of the President, not even the conductor, knew of his presence in the car. When the conductor came along to examine the tickets Mr. Pinkerton showed him Mr. Lincoln's ticket, and he did not look into his berth. At Havre de Grace Pinkerton was signaled by Webster that "All's well;" and from there to Baltimore, at every bridge-crossing, standing on the rear platform of the last car, he could see a man spring up as the train passed on, and show a white light from the dark lantern hanging in his belt, which meant, "All's well." Reaching Baltimore at about half past three in the morning, Mr. Stearns, the Superintendent of the road, entered the car, and whispered in the ear of Pinkerton the welcome words, "All's well." That city, which the conspirators had planned to make that day the scene of a tragedy as infamous as that of Wilkes Booth, was now in profound repose; and the assassins of the *red ball* little dreaming that their intended victim was passing on to the protecting bayonets of General Scott. Nothing occurred to interrupt or delay the passage, and at six in the morning of the 23d they reached Washington, where at the dépôt they were met by some of the President's Illinois friends.

Pinkerton had told Mr. Lincoln at Philadelphia he would answer with his life for his safe arrival in Washington, and he had redeemed his pledge.

Isaac Arnold

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE question is, whether Senator Sumner, if he were invited to dine in Belgravia, would wear a shooting-jacket and India rubber boots. And if Senator Sumner would not wear an improper costume when he dines with the Duke of Argyle, why should Minister Adams when he goes to the Queen's ball? Senator Sumner would decline to dress upon such an occasion as an utterly ignorant boor might dress; and Mr. Adams declined upon *his* occasion to dress as the waiters dress. Mr. Adams is undoubtedly the representative of his country, and his country is supposed—we say supposed theoretically—to cultivate simplicity of manners. But what is simplicity of manners? In the matter of costume it is to dress appropriately. Social custom settles it. A black silk cravat, with no white collar surmounting or overlaying it, is a perfectly innocent article of attire. But to wear it when every body else wears a white linen cravat, with much white shirt collar, is to show yourself ignorant, or worse.

If you insist that another person shall commit the same folly, he will very properly prefer to stay at home. So Mr. Adams did not go to the Queen's ball.

Social custom ordains that we shall eat our dinners with the aid of knives and forks, and not tear our food with our fingers. If you despise knives and forks—if you think them a weak and cowardly luxury—you may take a pick-axe and shovel to your dinner, if you will; but you will hardly be invited into decent society again. In China, which is a highly civilized country, chop-sticks are preferred to knives and forks by high society. Suppose that the Government of the United States had apprised Mr. Burlingame that the severity of democratic principles required that he should use nothing but his pocket-knife in partaking of state banquets. Perhaps in China they are tolerant, and if a visitor prefers jack-knives to chop-sticks, they are not troubled. But England is not tolerant. England insists that a

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ESCAPE FROM A BULLET.—It is probable that the attempts upon the life of President Lincoln were much more numerous than is generally known. An incident of a very thrilling character which might easily have involved a shocking tragedy, is related by Mr. John W. Nichols, who, from the summer of 1862 until 1865, was one of the President's bodyguard. "One night about the middle of August, 1864," says Mr. Nichols, "I was doing sentinel duty at the large gate through which entrance was had to the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, where Mr. Lincoln spent much time in summer. About eleven o'clock I heard a rifle-shot in the direction of the city, and shortly afterward I heard approaching hoof-beats. In two or three minutes a horse came dashing up, and I recognized the belated President. The horse he rode was a very spirited one and was Mr. Lincoln's favorite saddle-horse. As horse and rider approached the gate, I noticed that the President was bareheaded. As soon as I had assisted him in checking his steed, the President said to me: "He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He got the bit in his teeth before I could draw the rein." I then asked him where his hat was; and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off down at the foot of the hill, and that his horse had become scared and had jerked his hat off. I led the animal to the Executive Cottage, and the President dismounted and entered. Thinking the affair rather strange, a corporal and myself started off to investigate. When we reached the place whence the sound of the shot had come—a point where the driveway intersects the main road—we found the President's hat. It was a plain silk hat, and upon examination we discovered a *bullet hole* through the crown. We searched the locality thoroughly, but without avail. Next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet hole. He made some humorous remark, to the effect that it was by some foolish marksmen, and was not intended for him; but added that he wished nothing said about the matter. We all felt confident it was an attempt to kill the President, and after that he never rode alone."—[From Bromme's "Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln."

THE REAL LINCOLN

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES.

Plots Against Mr. Lincoln's Life—

His Narrow Escape from Assassination on the Day of His Second Inauguration.

(Copyright, 1887, by Ward H. Lamon—All Rights Reserved.)

The fact that we have in this country a literature of assassination, "voluminous and vast," suggests a melancholy reflection on the disordered spirit of the times through which we have passed, and on the woeful perversity of human nature even under conditions most favorable to intellectual progress and Christian civilization. It is hurtful to our pride as Americans to confess that our history is marred by records so repugnant to the spirit of our liberal institutions and to the good fellowship which ought to characterize both individual and national life in a free republic. But the appalling fact remains that two of our chief magistrates, within as many decades, were murdered in cold blood, and that bulky volumes have been filled with circumstantial accounts of plots and conspiracies by and against men born upon our soil and enjoying the full protection of our laws. And yet, voluminous and extensive as these records are, they are by no means complete.

One most daring attempt upon the life of Mr. Lincoln, the boldest of all attempts of that character, and one which approached shockingly near to a murderous success, was never made public. For prudential reasons details were withheld from the press, but as the motives which imposed silence respecting a strange freak of homicidal frenzy are no longer operative, it is perhaps a matter of duty to make public the story, together with certain documents which show in what deadly peril Mr. Lincoln stood during the ceremonies attending his second inauguration at the capitol in March, 1865. A glance at prior conspiracies will lead to a better understanding of the event to which these documents relate.

The first conspiracy, from motives of policy, had for its object the abduction of President Buchanan. There was intense disgust on the part of certain fiery and ferocious leaders in the secession movement with the conservative temper of the executive and ruling members of his cabinet. After fruitless attempts to bully the administration into a change of policy in harmony with his revolutionary scheme, Mr. Wigfall, some time in the month of December, 1860, formed a plan for kidnaping Mr. Buchanan. A number of desperate men were banded together by him at Washington, and the details of the plot were discussed and agreed upon. The plan was to spirit Mr. Buchanan away, install Mr. Breckinridge in the White House and hold the captive president as a hostage until terms of compromise could be proposed to conservative democrats and republicans in the north. Mr. Wigfall and other choice spirits had no doubt that their plan of accommodation could be enforced through the ad interim executive. The scheme, however, could

not be executed, in its first stage, without the concurrence and co-operation of Mr. Floyd, who threw Wigfall into a paroxysm of explosive wrath by flatly refusing to have anything to do with the enterprise. It was accordingly abandoned, so far as Mr. Buchanan was concerned.

The much talked of attempt to assassinate Mr. Lincoln during his passage through Baltimore was not the work of the Wigfall coterie, as an organized body of conspirators; but of that affair I can not speak now, as it will require a separate paper to balance conflicting accounts already published, and to determine the measure of real danger involved, and the claims of various gentlemen to special credit for services in a supposed emergency.

When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, in March, 1861, the organization of plotters was still intact; but no plan of assassination had, as yet, received the sanction of the conspirators as a body. It was their purpose to kidnap Mr. Lincoln and hold him in captivity, without injury to his person, until such concessions were made to the southern leaders as their plan of compromise rendered necessary. This second scheme of abduction having proved as abortive as the first, ripened at length into a more deadly purpose. Some of the more desperate among the conspirators, who were meted by repeated failures, resolved to dispose of Mr. Lincoln by the swifter and surer means afforded by the dagger or the bullet.

Circumstances, in a surprising way, seemed to favor their murderous designs. Against the protest of his friends, who, by detective means, had obtained from the plotters many of their secrets, Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers' home his summer residence. Abduction or assassination—either could be accomplished without difficulty, the conspirators thought. They resolved upon the latter. They would dispatch him during one of his lonely rides after nightfall from the White House, his summer retreat. The attempt was made. About 11 o'clock one night in August, 1862, a miscreant lurked near the roadway watching for the president of the United States. It was at the foot of the hill, where the road turns into the home grounds. Immersed in deep thought a man or horseback, unattended and wholly unconscious of impending danger, was moving along at a joggling gait. He was recognized; there was a loud report, and a hissing ball passed very near the rider's head. "Old Abe," as I called the noble animal, sprang forward and bore Mr. Lincoln in safety to the Soldiers' home. He had narrowly escaped death.

The circumstances of this midnight adventure were related to me by Mr. Lincoln the next morning with the strangest mixture of gravity and humor that ever fell from the lips of man. It had been impossible to induce him to forego these lonely and dangerous journeyings between the executive mansion and the home. A stranger to fear, he often eluded our vigilance, and before his absence could be noted he would be well on his way to his summer residence alone and many times at night. The vigilance, the anxiety, and the painful apprehensions of his friends will appear in the following extract from a memorandum written by Robert Lamon, who was deputy marshal of the District of Columbia during the war:

"In the early part of the night my brother came to me and asked me to

John Wilkes Booth. He was greatly disturbed. He drove rapidly toward the Soldiers' home, and as we were leaving the Seventh street road we met a carriage. Behind it we could see in the darkness a man on horseback. My brother, who seemed unusually suspicious, commanded the party to halt. His order was instantly obeyed. 'Who are you?' he demanded in the same peremptory tone. A voice from within the carriage responded, 'Why do you ask?' The speakers recognized each other. The one in the carriage was Secretary Stanton, and the man behind it was one of our clerks. 'Where is Mr. Lincoln?' asked Stanton. 'I have been to the Soldiers' home and he is not there. I am exceedingly uneasy about him. He is not at the White House?' 'No,' said my brother, 'he is not there; I have looked for him everywhere.' We hurried back to the city. Arriving at the White House before Mr. Stanton we found Mr. Lincoln walking across the lawn. My brother went with him to the war department, and from there took him to his (Lamon's) house, where Mr. Lincoln slept that night and the three or four nights following, Mrs. Lincoln being at that time in New York."

My anxiety about Mr. Lincoln that evening grew out of a report of an alarming character made to me by one of my detectives. Stanton had threatening news also, and was excited about Mr. Lincoln's safety. He told me that he never had so great a scare in his life as he had that night. The brusque secretary imagined that Bob and I were assassins. The incident provoked much merriment between the parties concerned, no one enjoying the serio-comic part of it more than did Mr. Lincoln.

Meanwhile the conspirators, becoming alarmed at their own safety, observed a stricter caution. Their movements were embarrassed by the escort of cavalry which Mr. Lincoln was induced to accept after prolonged importunities by those who had certain knowledge of the dangers to which he was exposed. Lost opportunities, baffled hopes, exasperating defeats served only to heighten the deadly determination of the plotters, and so matters drifted on until the day of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. A tragedy was planned for that day which has no parallel in the history of criminal audacity, if considered as nothing more than a crime intended. Its consummation would have been immeasurably more tragic than the awful scene witnessed at Ford's theater on the memorable 14th of April following.

Everybody knows what throngs assembled at the capitol to witness the imposing ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president of the United States. It is amazing that any human being could have seriously entertained the thought of assassinating Mr. Lincoln in the presence of such a concourse of citizens. And yet there was such a man in that assemblage. He was there for the single purpose of murdering the illustrious leader who for the second time was about to assume the burden of the presidency. That man was John Wilkes Booth. Proof of his identity and a detailed account of his movements while attempting to reach the platform where Mr. Lincoln stood will be found in the following affidavits:

District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.—John Plant, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman stationed at the east door of the rotunda in the capitol, near Maj.

B. B. French, the commissioner of public buildings, on the day of the inauguration of President Lincoln in March, 1865. Soon after the president passed out of that door to the platform where the inaugural ceremonies were to be had, a stranger forcibly broke through the line formed by the police to keep off the crowd, and endeavored to gain the door where he was stationed, and through which the judges of the supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall seized this man, who seemed to be greatly excited, and after a severe struggle succeeded, with the assistance of others, in forcing him back. After the assassination of the president affiant was shown a picture of J. Wilkes Booth, which he and others recognized as the man whom Lieut. Westfall had prevented from getting to the platform on inauguration day.

JOHN PLANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1876.

JAS. A. TAIT.

(Seal.) Notary Public.
District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.—Charles C. Cleary of Washington city, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman employed at the capitol in March, 1865; that he was present and on duty in the rotunda on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was near the east door when he saw J. Wilkes Booth break through the line of policemen and make for the east portico; affiant saw J. W. Westfall seize Booth, and after a severe struggle he was forced back into the crowd. Affiant had seen Booth often, and states positively that the stranger who broke through the line on that occasion was no other person; affiant thought nothing of it at the time, but afterwards, when the president was assassinated, affiant remembered it; and when Booth's picture was shown to Maj. French he recognized it, and so did other policemen who were present; and affiant has no hesitancy in expressing the belief that Lieut. Westfall's prompt action on that day saved the life or prevented an attempt to take the life of President Lincoln.

CHARLES C. CLEARY.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1866.

J. T. C. CLARK, J. P.

(Seal.) District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.—Otis S. Buxton of the state of New York, late doorkeeper of the house of representatives, being duly sworn, says that he was assistant doorkeeper of the house of representatives in 1865, and was in the capitol during the second inauguration of President Lincoln. About the time the processions moved to the east side of the capitol affiant was walking from the senate chamber to the rotunda with a friend, when J. Wilkes Booth passed in affiant in great haste going in the direction of the rotunda. Affiant knew Booth well—had seen him often on the stage and off of it, here and elsewhere. Affiant's friend, speaking of Booth, who had just passed, said, "That man must be in a hurry." Affiant remarked, "That is Wilkes Booth." Affiant's friend did not know him, but said he had seen his father play. Affiant passed through the rotunda to the house of representatives, and heard shortly afterwards that a man had attempted to reach the platform in front of the east door by breaking through the ranks of the policemen, but had been prevented by the prompt action of the capitol police.

O. S. BUXTON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of April, 1876.

(Seal.) JAS. A. TAIT,
Notary Public.
District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.—Robert Strong, a citizen of said county and district, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman at the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was stationed at the east door of the rotunda with Commissioner B. B. French at the time the president, accompanied by the judges and others, passed out to the platform where the ceremonies of inauguration were about to begin, when a man in a very determined and excited manner broke through the line of policemen which had been formed to keep the crowd out; that Lieut. Westfall immediately seized the stranger, and a considerable scuffle ensued. The stranger seemed determined to get to the platform where the president and his party were, but Lieut. Westfall called for assistance; the commissioner closed the door, and had it closed, and the intruder was finally thrust from the passage leading to the platform which was reserved for the president's party. After the president was assassinated, the singular conduct of this stranger on that day was frequently talked of by the policemen who observed it. Lieut. Westfall procured a photograph of the assassin Booth soon after the death of the president and showed it to Commissioner French in my presence and in the presence of several other policemen, and asked him if he had ever met that man. The commissioner examined it attentively and said, "Yes; I would know that face among ten thousand; that is the man you had the scuffle with on inauguration day. That is the same man." Affiant also recognized the photograph. Lieut. Westfall then said, "This is the picture of J. Wilkes Booth." Maj. French exclaimed: "My God! what a fearful risk we ran that day!"

ROBERT STRONG.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

JAS. A. TAIT,

(Seal.) Notary Public.
District of Columbia, Washington County.—Wm. J. Belshan, being duly sworn, says that he was on duty as a policeman in the rotunda of the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln; that he was stationed about the middle of the line of policemen which was formed from the north to the east door; that he saw a stranger break through the line in a very determined and excited manner, and start for the east door through which the judges of the supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall ordered the man back, but he refused to go, when he was seized by Westfall and a severe struggle ensued. The east door was closed; and the stranger was forced back into the crowd. The conduct of this man was much talked of by those who witnessed it on that occasion; and after the president was assassinated a photograph of Booth was shown to Maj. French, and he and I and others recognized it as the picture of the man who broke through the line on the day of the inauguration; and it was believed by us all that Booth attempted to reach the platform to assassinate the president, when he was prevented by Lieut. Westfall's vigilance on that occasion.

WM. J. BELSHAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

(Seal.) JAS. A. TAIT,
Notary Public.

From these sworn statements it will be seen that Booth's plan was one of phenomenal audacity. So frenzied was the homicide that he determined to take the president's life at the certain sacrifice of his own, for nothing can be more certain than this, that the murder of Mr. Lincoln on that public occasion, in the presence of a vast concourse of admiring citizens, would have been instantly avenged. The infuriated populace would have torn the assassin to pieces; and this the desperate man doubtless knew.

From the hour of Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington on the 23d of February, 1861, until the night of April 14, 1865, he was in constant danger. On the one hand he was threatened by a band of conspirators madly bent on seizing his person and spiriting him away through the confederate lines; on the other, prowling miscreants watched for an opportunity to take his life; and there is no doubt that he would have been assassinated long before the collapse of the confederacy but for the constant and untiring vigilance of his friends by night and by day.

And yet it is a curious fact that, although Mr. Lincoln believed that his career would be cut short by violence, he was incorrigibly skeptical as to the agency and the agent in the unexpected tragedy, with one solitary exception. Elderly residents of Washington will remember one Garowski—a Polish exile, as many believed. He was an accomplished linguist, a revolutionist by nature, restless, revengeful, and of a fiery, ungovernable temper. He had been employed in the state department as a translator, I believe, but had quarreled with Mr. Seward, and was discharged. This caused him to pursue Lincoln, Seward and Sumner with bitter hatred. The curious will find in a publisher's diary of his a fantastic classification of his enemies. The president he rated as "third class," according to his estimate of statesmanlike qualities. He had a first and second class, also, and there was a wide difference between them.

From this man Garowski, and from him alone, Mr. Lincoln really apprehended danger by a violent assault, although, as I have already stated, he knew not what the sense of fear was like. Mr. Lincoln more than once said to me: "So far as my personal safety is concerned Garowski is the only man who has given me a serious thought of a personal nature. From the known disposition of the man he is dangerous wherever he may be. I have sometimes thought that he might try to take my life. It is just like him to do such a thing."

Mr. Lincoln had in his great head no place for uncharitableness or suspicion; and this accounts for his singular indifference to the numberless cautions so earnestly and persistently pressed upon him by friends who knew the danger to which he was hourly exposed. He had a sublime faith in human nature; and in that faith he lived until the fatal moment when the nations of the earth were startled by a tragedy whose mournful consequences no man can measure.

The subject of his assassination is much too great to be treated of exhaustively in a single newspaper article.

WAID H. LAMON.

W A I C H T

An Attempt Made Upon His Life in 1862
Followed by a Kidnaping Conspiracy.

"I am reading with a great deal of interest Nicolay and Hay's 'Life of Lincoln' in the *Century*," said Mr. John W. Nichols, ex-president of the Omaha Fire Department, to Alfred Sorenson, a contributor to the *Wheeling* (W. Va.) *Register*. "The chapters that will most interest me will be those relating to his career from 1862 to 1865, and particularly the history of the assassination. It is not generally known that more than one attempt upon Lincoln's life was made in Washington, but such is the fact."

Mr. Nichols' statement interested me somewhat, and I asked him to explain. He then went on and told me substantially the following story: In August, 1862, Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which Mr. Nichols was a member, was detailed as body guard of President Lincoln. Up to 1861, owing to the vigilance of the guards, Mr. Lincoln escaped all attempts at violence. The back of the Confederacy was broken, a good feeling prevailed all Washington, and vigilance was considerably relaxed. It was then conspiracies were hatched and Confederates ran the city unmolested. The President and his family spent the summer months at the Soldiers' Home, about three miles north of the city, whither the body guard accompanied them. It was the custom of the President to remain late at the War Department, and after his work was concluded he would ride on horseback out to the Home. That summer he had persistently refused an escort, imagining himself perfectly secure.

One night about the middle of August Mr. Nichols was doing sentinel duty at the large gate to the grounds of the Home. About eleven o'clock he heard a rifle shot, and shortly afterward Mr. Lincoln dashed up to the gate on horseback. The President was bareheaded, and as he dismounted he said, referring to his horse: "He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He got the bit in his teeth before I could draw the rein." Mr. Nichols asked him where his hat was, and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off at the foot of the hill, and that his horse had become scared and jerked his hat off.

"Thinking the affair rather strange," said Mr. Nichols, "a corporal and myself went down the hill to make an investigation. At the intersection of the driveway, and the main road we found the President's hat—a plain silk one—and upon examining it we discovered a bullet hole through the crown. The shot had been fired upward, and it was evident that the person who fired the shot had secreted himself close by the roadside. The next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet hole. He remarked rather unconcernedly that it was put there by some foolish gunner and that it was not intended for him. He said, however, that he wanted the matter kept quiet, and admonished us to say nothing about it. We felt confident that it was an attempt to kill him, and a well-nigh successful one, too. The affair was, of course, kept quiet in compliance with the President's request. After that the President never rode alone."

Mr. Nichols then went on to relate the circumstances of a kidnaping conspiracy which was attempted to be carried out the next fall. This plan was unknowingly frustrated by the body guard, whose quarters were immediately in front of the south porch of the Executive Mansion, equidistant between that building and the Treasury, State, War and Navy Departments. Just to the east of the quarters was the guard tent where a portion of the body guard remained on duty. For reasons then unknown to the guard, the tent was moved to the west end of the gravel walk in the rear of the War De-

partment. Shortly afterward it was learned by the guard that on the very night the tent was moved a plan had been made to capture the President as he should pass along the wall and carry him to the house of one Green, a notorious Secessionist, on the bank of the Potomac, back of the White House grounds, and thence, when the opportunity offered, he was to be carried to Richmond and held as a hostage. It was always believed that the moving of the guard tent to the west end of the walk frightened the conspirators and thwarted their design.

At another time, not long before this incident, Bourke, the veteran coachman, who had served through two administrations at the White House, was taken sick. A stranger from Baltimore applied for the place and succeeded in securing it in the absence of Bourke. He did not hold the place very long, however, as he became so domineering and important that he was intolerable. Bourke was reinstated. One night, not long after he had been dismissed, the discharged coachman was discovered sneaking about the stables, which were soon observed to be on fire. The whole guard was called out, and by great exertions saved the Presidential coach and team, but Tad Lincoln's pony and Colonel Hay's carriage team perished. It was believed that a plan had been formed for this man to fire the stables, and during the excitement conspirators were to rush into the White House and murder the president. Mr. Lincoln, however, rushed out with the rest to the scene of the fire, and thus frustrated any attempt at assassination. "What made this appear more evident," said Mr. Nichols, "was the fact that after the incendiary was arrested he produced several witnesses who were employed at Ford's Theater, and who testified that he (the discharged coachman) was down in the city during the whole evening on which the fire occurred. These were the persons who, in my opinion, laid the final conspiracy that brought Abraham Lincoln to his grave."

DANGERS OF ASSINATION

The President said philosophically, "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. Besides, in this case, it seems to me, the man who would succeed me, would be as objectionable to my enemies—if I have any."

One dark night, as he was going out with a friend, he took along a heavy cane remarking good-naturedly: "'Mother' (Mrs. Lincoln) has got a notion into her head that I shall be assassinated, and to please her I take a cane when I go over to the war department at night—when I don't forget it."

Mr. Nichols relates this thrilling incident: "One night I was doing sentinel duty, at the entrance to the Soldiers' Home. This was about the middle of August, 1864. About 11 o'clock I heard a rifle shot, in the direction of the city, and shortly afterwards I heard approaching hoof beats. In two or three minutes a horse came dashing up. I recognized the belated President. The President was bareheaded. The President simply thought that his horse had taken fright at the discharge of the firearms.

"On going back to the place where the shot had been heard, we found the President's hat. It was a plain silk hat, and upon examination we discovered a bullet hole through the crown.

"The next day, upon receiving the hat, the President remarked that it was made by some foolish marksman, and was not intended for him; but added, that he wished nothing said about the matter."

HOW LINCOLN WAS GUARDED FROM RAIL PLOT

Raymond Pitcairn Reveals His
Father's Role in Foiling De-
railers; All Was Secret

Details of the caution employed to guard Abraham Lincoln from assassination when he was en route to Washington for his first inaugural were related yesterday by Raymond Pitcairn, national chairman of the Sentinels of the Republic.

Mr. Pitcairn's father, John Pitcairn, was in charge of the Pennsylvania Railroad train that was to take Lincoln from Harrisburg, Pa., to Washington. Reports of a plot to derail the train were heard.

So Lincoln did not board the train at Harrisburg, but was taken by closed carriage to a crossing about a mile east. There Mr. Pitcairn waited with a locomotive and a single ordinary passenger coach. Even the engineer and fireman were not told what was happening.

With the car unlighted except for a small lantern, Lincoln was gotten safely to Philadelphia, then transferred to a sleeping car, which carried him on to the capital unharmed.

Mr. Pitcairn is here for the Sentinels' show at the Grand Opera House. He told the Lincoln story at a Palmer House luncheon.

—Buy American—

Chicago Herald

2/13/34

An Attempt to Assassinate President Lincoln

By Dana Smith, Paw Paw, Michigan.

Decatur Republican:

On reading Lincoln's second inaugural address in your July 19th edition it reminded me of an incident which happened at the time of that second inauguration which I have never seen in print. I learned of it through examining the records of the National Detective Police of civil war days.

I was in government service during the first war with Germany. In my visits to Washington I took great interest in looking up everything I could find in regard to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and exploring the ground where the events took place. It is an intensely interesting story but is usually handled in the histories of Lincoln in about a page and one-half.

There were a number of attempts on the life of Mr. Lincoln, but he could never be made to see that this life was in danger every minute, and he detested a guard.

He was hated with a deadly hatred by the Confederacy and it was freely prophesied in Southern papers that he would never be permitted to live to be inaugurated the second time. But the second time was at hand and Mr. Lincoln never knew as he passed to the inaugural platform that he walked within two or three steps of death.

At the appointed time a procession of those who were to occupy the platform with Mr. Lincoln was formed in the senate chamber. Quite a crowd of people had forced themselves in to the corridor and rotunda of the capitol building.

As the procession marched to the platform Mr. Lincoln was flanked on either side by marching men and outside this was the capitol police to handle the crowd. As the President neared the east doors a man broke out of the crowd and made for him. The man was seized by John W. Westfall, one of the capitol police, who soon found that he had a tough customer. He called for help and to "shut those doors," which was done as the president had passed through. The man was quickly pounced upon by the capitol police and taken kicking and fighting to the basement where he was thrown into the guard room and locked up. After the ceremonies were over they remembered their prisoner. They found him very much subdued. Then they did the unaccountable thing. They did not search him for arms nor question him, nor even ask his name. They just turned him loose.

The following month, after John Wilkes Booth's successful attempt to murder Mr. Lincoln, the capitol police recognized by photographs that the man they had had the battle with on inauguration day, was John Wilkes Booth. Whether Booth intended to shoot the president or knife him is not known, but he was capable of either. He had meditated on murdering the president until he was ready

to commit the deed at the cost of his own life, if need be. If he had succeeded in harming Mr. Lincoln then the crowd would have blotted him out in a most summary way.

Dana Smith.

President Lincoln went on to the platform on that memorable day of his second inauguration and delivered the address to which Dana Smith refers in the beginning of his letter.

The closing paragraph, which cannot be read too often, is quoted here:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Like the Saviour Abraham Lincoln could say of his enemies, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

DECATUR REPUBLICAN, DECATUR, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1945.

He Smashed Plot to Kill Lincoln in '61; Went On to Become Famous Detective

By FRANCES M. KELLY
Special Correspondent of the
Globe-Democrat

FOUR YEARS before Abraham Lincoln's tragic death by a bullet fired by John Wilkes Booth on Good Friday night, 1865, a plot to assassinate him was frustrated by the cleverness of the celebrated detective, Allan Pinkerton. And it was his discovery that established the fame of that Scotsman and led to the creation of the United States Secret Service and the detective agency bearing his name which operates in all parts of the world.

It came about in this way. While Pinkerton was employed by the Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, he learned of the conspiracy to kill Lincoln who was on his way to Washington for his first inauguration. In some quarters the story was scoffed at, but that it was taken seriously has been amply proved by a score of witnesses who were directly concerned in the business of getting the President-elect to Washington without injury.

Leaving Springfield, Ill., Feb. 1, Lincoln passed through the principal Northern cities, making brief addresses at various points. On Feb. 21, 1861, he stopped in Philadelphia on his way to the national capital. The next day he was to dedicate a flag in front of Independence Hall. On the cold and dreary eve of this event he rode through the streets and afterward shook hands with hundreds of persons who were waiting to greet him at the Continental Hotel, where now stands the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, three blocks from our national shrine wherein the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Lincoln Told of Plot

In the midst of the reception, someone whispered in the ear of the President-elect that he was wanted in the private room of Norman B. Judd, soon to be his Minister to Prussia but then a member of the party accompanying the President to Washington. Mr. Lincoln excused himself and, going to the room, was introduced to Allan Pinkerton who said he had an important story to tell him. What followed can best be told in the words of the President himself as he afterward related it to B. J. Lossing, famous artist and historian of that era:

"Pinkerton informed me," said Lincoln, "that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being pub-

licly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have the pluck to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I did not like that. I had made arrangements to go to Harrisburg and from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore."

President Skeptical

Before Mr. Lincoln went to bed that night the son of Senator William H. Seward—soon to be Lincoln's Secretary of State—handed him a letter begging him not to go through Baltimore, as army officers were convinced that there was a plot on to kill him in that city. Still, Lincoln was skeptical. He cross-questioned the son of the Senator in an endeavor to ascertain if this information had come direct from Washington or whether it was an echo of the Pinkerton story.

Next day he delivered an impressive and characteristic address in front of Independence Hall, as scheduled, and then proceeded to Harrisburg, capital of Pennsylvania, to fulfill his only remaining engagement, which was to speak before the Pennsylvania Legislature.

When his speech was concluded, there was a hurried conference of his friends to determine on a course of action. Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, Col. A. K.

McClure, publisher of the Philadelphia Times; Tom Scott, at that time president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and others participated. The consensus was that he should avoid Baltimore.

Mr. Lincoln protested that he did not want to go into the national capital "like a thief in the night;" that he intended to follow his planned itinerary; but, after much arguing, he was persuaded to heed the advice of his friends. The rumor that he went disguised is untrue. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, celebrated Pennsylvania author, whose writings include the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," tells what happened in these words:

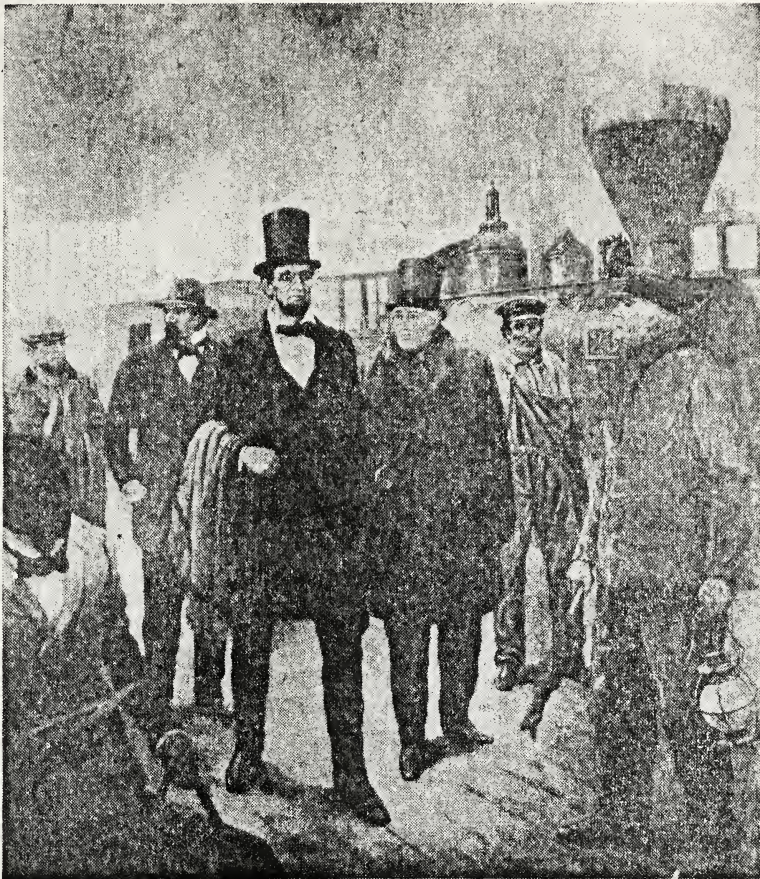
'Package' Delivered

"At 6 o'clock he left his hotel by a back door, bareheaded, a soft hat in his pocket, and, entering a carriage, was driven to the station, where a car and engine, unlighted save for a headlight, awaited him. A few minutes after 11 o'clock he was in Philadelphia, where the night train for Washington was being held by order of Col. Scott, head of the road, for 'an important package.' The package was delivered to the conductor as soon

as it was known that Mr. Lincoln was on the train."

A great crowd surrounded the hotel in Harrisburg in the hope of hearing a speech from Mr. Lincoln. But the next morning he was in Washington, safe and sound, "where Mr. Washburne and Mr. Seward met him and, with devout thanksgiving, conducted him to Willard's Hotel, there to remain until after the inauguration."

From that incident has grown the present custom of protecting the President-elect from the time of his election until he formally assumes the duties of his office, and, of course, afterward.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CLOSELY GUARDED by Allan Pinkerton, is depicted here arriving in Washington to begin his first term as President. The detective frustrated a plot to assassinate Lincoln as he went through Baltimore on his way to the capital.

John Steiner

ST. LOUIS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1947

Chicago Daily News
February 10, 1960

Lincoln a Favorite Target of Assassins

Bullet Pierced Stovepipe Hat In One Attempt on His Life

BY NICHOLAS SHUMAN

Abraham Lincoln, whose birth the nation honors again this week, was stalked by death throughout his four years as President.

All school children are familiar with the assassination by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, 1865. Few, however, are aware of the repeated plots and threats on the beloved President's life that preceded that last, fatal enormity.

Twice before assassins shot at Lincoln, in one instance piercing the stovepipe hat on his head.

Thus, at least twice, the Union was preserved only by some small, fateful circumstance — the nervous twitch of a marksman's trigger finger or the elusiveness of a moving target in the dark.

Lincoln began the presidency in the shadow of death, the first serious plot coming during his train trip from Illinois to Washington to take office.

CARL SANDBURG in his "Abraham Lincoln" told how the President-elect was met at Philadelphia by Allan Pinkerton and told:

"We have come to know, Mr. Lincoln, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there exists a plot to assassinate you. The attempt will be made on your way through Baltimore."

Pinkerton, who was to become head of the Union's spy system and later the founder of a detective service, then was a railroad sleuth.

He told Lincoln of a band of Baltimore plotters headed by a barber, Cypriano Fernandina, who had waved a knife at a secret meeting and cried: "This hireling Lincoln shall never, never be President. I am ready to die for the rights of the South and to crush out the abolitionist."

The plan, Pinkerton said, was for a disturbance to be created at the depot to distract policemen while the assassins moved in on Lincoln.

AGAINST Lincoln's reluctance to steal into Washington "like a thief in the night," he was spirited out of Philadelphia in a special train, with all telegraph lines out of the city cut to prevent news of the changed travel plans from reaching Baltimore.

Lincoln passed quietly through Baltimore at 3:30 a.m. That afternoon, when he had originally been scheduled to arrive in the city, the train he was to have been on was met by crowds screaming devotion to the Confederacy.

Ward Hill Lamon, his Illinois law partner and guardian, "believed there was never a moment from then on during his days in Washington that he was not in danger of death by violence."

IN THE summer of 1863, to avoid the heat of the city, Lincoln and his family stayed at the Soldiers Home three miles away. The President commuted to the White House

daily on his horse, Old Abe, without the military escort advised by Lamon.

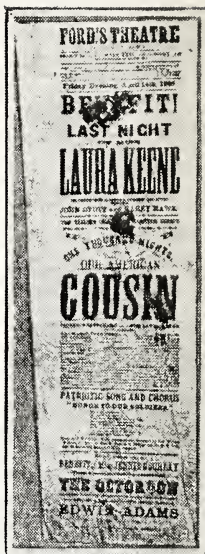
Lincoln told Lamon that one night as he approached the home "I was aroused—I may say the arousalment lifted me out of my saddle as well as out of my wits—by the report of a rifle, and seemingly the gunner was not 50 yards" away.

Lamon commented that "the time may not be far distant when this republic will be minus a pretty respectable President."

ABOUT a year later a White House guard heard a rifle shot and soon after saw Lincoln ride bareheaded onto the grounds in wild fury. A search party was sent out and soon found the President's silk stovepipe — with a bullet-hole through the crown.

Lincoln again was amused and begged the soldiers to say nothing of the matter, but from then on he never rode alone.

Despite his humor, Lincoln throughout his presidency made dark remarks about premonitions of death. Shortly before his assassination, he told Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin:"



Lincoln's bloodstains on playbill of "Our American Cousin," which he was watching when an assassin's bullet finally found its mark.

"Mrs. Stowe, I shall never live to see peace. This war is killing me."

But Lincoln did live until Grant and Lee signed the peace at Appomattox Court-house on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865.

Six days later he was dead.

A CENTURY LATER, THE TRUE STORY OF THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO KILL LINCOLN



Cartoon, based on wrong information, shows Lincoln (ctr.) at Baltimore station. In reality, he stayed on train.

It was dusk, and the February air was chill. At a remote road crossing a carriage drew up and three men quickly got out and went immediately to a single railroad passenger coach and engine standing by. Then another man, tall and lean, moved slowly from the carriage, drew a soft felt hat from his coat pocket and put it on. Even though it was cold, he wore neither cloak, overcoat nor shawl. He went directly to the coach and immediately the mysterious train was on its way.

The lamps inside the coach were not lighted although it was dark as the train streaked through the early evening. There was only one stop. At a village called Downingtown, the engineer halted for water and three of the men alit for a bite of food. The fourth man remained alone inside the darkened coach and drank a cup of tea and munched a dry roll which had been brought to him.

Nothing unusual happened in the remaining four or so hours' ride. But before the train reached its destination—Philadelphia—one of the men took off his overcoat and gave it to the fourth passenger and he bundled himself against the chill.

As the train was heading for Philadelphia, three more men were engaged in another strange mission. Shortly before dark that evening, one man, Andrew Wynne, an expert communications man, climbed a telegraph pole two miles outside Harrisburg and attached fine copper ground wire to the Harrisburg-Baltimore lines and made necessary wire cuts to prevent all communications.

After completing the job, Wynne and his two companions returned to Harrisburg where they asked the telegraph operator to send a message to Baltimore. The operator said he could not, that all communications with that city had been cut.

Why the darkened train streaking through the night and the men cutting and grounding the wires?

A plot to assassinate the mysterious fourth man had been discovered. The time: the evening of February 22, 1861. The place: a secret train carrying a precious personality from Harrisburg, Pa., to Philadelphia and then to Washington. The fourth man: Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, President-elect of the strife-torn United States.

The plot called for dynamiting of rail bridges and ferryboat crossings ahead of Lincoln's special train. That failing or merely misfiring, teams of dedicated assassins were to be present on the scene to murder the President-elect before he could be inaugurated on March 4, 1861. The telegraph, of course, was essential for the assassins to keep in touch with one another.

ELABORATE PLOT

Through the years legend and myth, even deliberate untruth, have gathered around this first plot on Lincoln's life. Like many of the stories which have arisen about the death of President John F. Kennedy, they should have died in the burning if historians and readers had gone directly to sources.

In Lincoln's case, the source was none other than Allan Pinkerton, the

famed detective, who by accident discovered the plot. Pinkerton and several highly placed men who helped preserve Lincoln's life in 1861 put down their findings. It is all in a leather-bound volume Pinkerton was obliged to print to dispel rumors and lies against Lincoln's courage.

Early in 1861, according to this rare Pinkerton book, the agency was engaged in infiltrating "secessionists." One of the detective-infiltrators, Timothy Webster, came onto information that groups of prominent Maryland men had pledged to kill Lincoln.

Checking proved beyond doubt that the plot was not only well planned but would be successful unless Lincoln would agree to security measures which were always distasteful to him.

Lincoln met Pinkerton less than 30 hours before the assassination attempt. Knowing he would be ridiculed as a coward for "sneaking" into Washington, Lincoln nevertheless took the advice of Pinkerton. But he insisted — on the very day of the planned plot — on raising the flag at Independence Hall in Philadelphia and then going on to Harrisburg by train to appear before the Pennsylvania Legislature.

He kept both engagements. Then he agreed to the counterplan. Because of great crowds in Harrisburg, Lincoln was able to slip out from a reception and get to the secret train at the road crossing without being detected. He agreed to wear the soft felt hat which he carried in his pocket and to discard his familiar shawl.

When the darkened train reached Philadelphia, early for the Washington connection, Lincoln entered a carriage for the ride from one station to another where the regular Baltimore-Washington train was filling up for the night's journey.

Pinkerton wrote that he sat in the carriage with Lincoln and directed the coachman to proceed slowly down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street to Vine, then to Seventeenth. On Seventeenth Street the driver was told to act as though he were on the lookout for someone.

SAFELY ON BOARD

All went as planned and the President-elect, still wearing the borrowed overcoat and the soft felt hat, entered a sleeping car unnoticed by other passengers and train personnel.

Nearly five hours had passed since word had been released of Lincoln's whereabouts. At least seven to eight hours more passed before even his family knew of his safety. The train from Philadelphia sped through the night, was safely ferried across the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace and crossed over bridges of the Gunpowder River and other streams without incident. The assassins waited in vain for news of the movement of the Lincoln special.

On April 14, 1865, just 100 years ago, an assassin finally trapped the Great Emancipator in a Washington theater stall.

But Allan Pinkerton, Tim Webster and a dozen other dedicated men saved Lincoln for the nation for the most trying years of the Union.

STORY OF ATTEMPT ON LINCOLN'S LIFE

Widow of Man Who Prevented
Accident After Many Years
Reveals Secret for
First Time.

BOMB HURLED INTO COACH OF PRESIDENT

Was Passing Through Baltimore
While on Way to Washington
to Take the Oath
of Office.

Springfield, O., Feb. 8.—That an attempt was made upon President Lincoln's life in Baltimore while on the way to Washington to take office is told by Mrs. Mary Coggeshall, widow of the Springfield man who, she says, saved the President from death.

All these years the story has remained a secret with Mrs. Coggeshall to whom it was told by her husband in secrecy. Lincoln told no one of it, Mrs. Coggeshall believes its telling now can do no harm and that it may be an interesting addition to the Lincoln literature of the moment.

Her story is that a bomb was hurled into the coach occupied by Lincoln as it was standing in the station in Baltimore on the way to Washington and that her husband first shoved Lincoln through the door of the car and then hurled the bomb through a window of the coach away from the crowd.

Coggeshall, who was one of the war president's close friends, accompanied him from Columbus, Ohio, to Washington. He was later sent by Lincoln as minister to Ecuador, where he died of yellow fever.

Saved Lincoln's Life.

Mrs. Coggeshall says:

"A change of cars had to be made in Baltimore. The special car dashed into the depot and preparations for an immediate change for the Washington car were made. Lincoln and my husband were the first to leave the coach. Mr. Lincoln, who was leading, turned just as they reached the door and saw a hissing bomb in the air. He was passing. Mr. Coggeshall turned and saw what menaced the president. He gave Lincoln a shove that sent him out on the platform, then grabbed the bomb and hurled it out of the window opposite to where the crowd was gathered and then hurried to the waiting train. When they had become composed Lincoln exclaimed: 'Coggeshall, did I not tell you that if you came with me I should come safely? God knows best.'"

"For a moment my husband could not talk. Then he said, 'Mr. President, let this pass no further; let us not give it to the world to be criticised.'"

"Who put the bomb in the car was never learned."

EARLY CONSPIRACIES

ABOUT the middle of August, 1862, Company K of the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers, known as the "Bucktail" Regiment, of which I was a private, was detailed as bodyguard of President Lincoln, and continued in that capacity until his assassination in the spring of 1865. During the three years of my stay in Washington, the most critical period of the nation's history, I saw and heard many things that have never found their way into the public prints. Some of the bodyguard were constantly with the President and his family, whether at fashionable levees, receptions to foreign legations, or private interviews. At all such functions we were silent spectators of all that took place. We were always treated with the highest respect by the Lincoln family, who regarded us as a part of the household. Every private of the guard received the same attentions of courtesy as the most famous statesman or diplomat at the Capital. We all formed a strong personal attachment for the President, and when the old man laid down his life in behalf of the country that had been his lifework, we felt as if we lost the dearest friend we ever had.

During the first two years of our term of service the most rigid discipline was enforced. Sometimes we would be ordered to use extraordinary vigilance, and to let no one enter the grounds of the White House without the proper passes, and to be very particular as to who approached the President. Often the order would come for the guards on duty to be doubled. It was seldom that we knew the direct cause of these extra precautions, but we supposed that the officers of the secret service were in possession of information of some plot that brooded harm to the President.

Up to 1864, owing to our vigilance and the protecting hand of Providence, our beloved chief had escaped the hand of violence. The back of the Confederacy was broken, a good feeling pervaded all Washington, and consequently the strict watchfulness that had prevailed grew into laxity. This was the fatal period; for it was at this time that conspiracies were hatched, and Confederates overran the city, comparatively unmolested. The President and family spent the summer at the Soldiers' Home, situated about three miles north of the city; and thither the bodyguard always accompanied them.

A Bullet Through His Hat

IT was in the summer of 1864, while we were up at the home, that an incident happened that came very near culminating in just such an awful tragedy as followed only a few months later at Ford's Theater. It was the custom of the President to remain late at the War Department when anything of great importance was happening in the army, consulting with the Secretary of War and transmitting and receiving despatches; and after his work was finished, he would ride out to the Soldiers' Home. That summer he had persistently refused an escort, imagining himself perfectly secure.

One night about the middle of August I was doing sentry duty at the large gate through which entrance was had into the grounds at the home. The place is situated about a quarter of a mile off the Bladensburg road, and is reached by a devious drive-



way. About one o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the city, and shortly afterward could hear approaching hoofbeats. In two or three minutes the horse came near enough so that in the dim moonlight I recognized the rider as the belated President. The horse, a very spirited one, belonging to Lamon, the marshal of the District of Columbia, was Mr. Lincoln's favorite saddle animal, and when he was in the White House stables he always chose him.

As horse and rider approached the gate, I noticed that the President was bareheaded. After I had assisted him in checking his steed, the President said to me:

"He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He took the bit in his teeth before I could draw the reins."

I then asked him where his hat was, and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off down at the foot of the hill, which scared his horse, and the lurch of the animal toppled his hat off. I led the horse to the cottage, where the President and his family were staying. There he dismounted and went in.

Thinking the proceeding a little strange, a corporal and I started in the direction from which the report of the gun had been heard, to investigate. When we came to the place where the driveway meets the main road, we found the President's hat—a plain silk hat—and on examining it found a bullet hole through the corner of the crown. The shot had been fired upward, and it was evident that the person who fired it had secreted himself close to the roadside. We listened and searched the locality thoroughly; but to no avail.

The next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet hole. He unconcernedly remarked that it was put there by some foolish gunner, and was not intended for him. He said, however, that he wanted the matter kept quiet, and admonished us to say nothing about it.

We all knew that it was an attempt to kill him, and a well nigh successful one too. The affair was kept quiet and gained no publicity. After that the President never rode alone.

Frustrating the Kidnappers

THE next fall, after we had taken up our winter quarters at the White House, a conspiracy to kidnap the President was unknowingly frustrated by us. Had the truth of the affair leaked out at the time, it doubtless would have created great excitement. Our quarters were immediately in front of the south porch of the Executive Mansion, a position which placed us at about equal distance from the Treasury Building on the east and the War and Navy Building on the west. Just to the east of the quarters was our guard tent, where a portion of the bodyguard remained when on duty. President Lincoln was frequently called to the War and Navy Building, to the west of the White House. A gravel walk led from the west end of the mansion through the park, which was filled with trees and shrubbery, to the War Department, and over this the President walked several times a day, often unaccompanied.

AGAINST LINCOLN

By JOHN W. NICHOLLS

For reasons at the time unknown to us we were ordered to move our guard tent and place it at the west end of the gravel walk, directly in the rear of the War Department. While we stayed there nothing occurred to arouse suspicion. Shortly afterward we learned, however, that on the very night after we had moved the tent the Confederates had a plan laid to capture the President. The conspirators were to hide in the shrubbery, and when the President came along the walk they were to seize, gag, and carry him to the house of one Green, a rank Rebel, on the bank of the Potomac, back of the White House grounds, where he was to be secreted for a time and then spirited across the river into Virginia. Thence he was to be taken to Richmond or some other Confederate stronghold, where he was to be held as hostage. The members of the bodyguard always supposed that the conspirators were frightened away when they saw our guard tent, and abandoned the plan of kidnapping.

Ford's Theater Gang at Work

NOT long after the attempted kidnapping, another episode took place, which afterward was found to have been planned by a band of assassins who made their headquarters in the city. Bourke, the veteran coachman, who had served at the White House through Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations and thus far through Lincoln's, was taken sick and compelled to be off duty.

Immediately a stranger, who represented himself as an experienced coachman from Baltimore, applied at the White House and reported that Bourke was down in the city on a protracted spell. He pleaded his own cause, and the result was that he was employed as presidential coachman. From the first he was domineering, and after a few weeks became so important that he was discharged and Bourke reinstated. He made threats, and was so ugly that he was driven away, and we were ordered not to allow him on the premises.

One night shortly afterward, just about dusk, the discharged coachman was seen sneaking around the stables, by some of the guard. The stables had been locked for the night, and it was not supposed that he could do any damage, and consequently the men who saw him did not go to the stables. Presently the whole interior of the barns was found to be on fire. The guard was called out, and by dint of great exertion we saved the President's coach and team; but Tad Lincoln's ponies and Colonel Hay's carriage team perished in the flames.

The plan was to have this man fire the stables and thus to distract our attention. During the excitement some of the conspirators were ready to rush into the White House and murder the President; but instead of remaining in the house Mr. Lincoln ran out among us, and thus in all probability frustrated another attempt at assassination.

What makes this appear more likely now is the fact that, after the incendiary was arrested, he produced several witnesses, who later found employment at Ford's Theater, to testify that he was down in the city during the whole of the evening. These were the persons who doubtless planned the final conspiracy that brought the great benefactor to the grave.

Shortly before we were mustered out of service, verification of the last two incidents was given me by Captain Lamon, who was then marshal of the District of Columbia, and who kept in close touch with the workings of the secret service department.

